

## IDA ROGERS PITIED AS ERRING GODDESS

Women Friends Defend  
Acts—"Liberty" Gone  
Wrong," They Say.

HEALTH AND LOVE,  
HER LIFE MOTTO

Poison Victim's High Ideals in  
Days of Adversity Bared  
by Companion.

"A Goddess of Liberty gone wrong" is that Ida Sniffle Walters, and was trying to make bread and butter through art, that she lived at the Trowmatt Inn, a hotel for business women, at Abingdon Square and 12th St. She was known to the girls as "Mrs. Walters." They took it for granted that she was a good woman.

A few days ago, two young women who up to the date that their former idol was the Mrs. Walters Rogers of Lehman Hospital. Since then the house has seethed with excitement. One of those who knew her best told a story to The Tribune yesterday which throws a new light on her personality.

"She was one of the most splendid women I ever knew," said this friend who has moved away from the Inn and now lives on Washington Heights. "We were tremendously fond of her when we finally succeeded in getting acquaintance. She seemed to be a woman of high ideals, always inspiring us to do our best. She would never tolerate anything vulgar or common. She was terribly poor, but she retained the manners of an aristocrat. Perhaps that was why she never could sell her art works."

Art Unkind to Ida Walters.

"She used to start out on Fifth Avenue trying to sell her little place cards and calendars to the smart shops, and she never did sell any. They were good cards, too. At this time she was so poor I remember she had only one waist, which she used to wash every night and hang in the window to dry. Finally she was so barefaced and poor so badly that one of the girls got her to sell her as a saleswoman in a department store. She was in the military department. They said she was a great success, with her stunning looks and charming manners. She was the kind of saleswoman who could charm a person into buying any hat she held out. It would be the right hat, too. She had artistic sense enough for that. It nearly killed her to work in stores, though. She was too proud. One of the girls was critical, her for vulgarity. I don't think it was that. She really was superior to her work, and she knew it."

"I don't know why she left the store. I must have been away on a vacation, for I don't remember saying goodbye to her. I presume that it was at the time she went to Virginia for her health. The next we heard of her was when some one said Mrs. Walters had a baby. We supposed, of course, she was married to Mr. Rogers, and that this friend had spoken of her as Mrs. Walters simply because that was the name by which we had known her."

"Oh, yes! We knew all about Mr. Rogers. She was simply mad about him. There were three large photographs of him in her room, and he used to call at the Inn to see her. His entrance always created a stir because he was so good-looking. The new girls would sneak around to look at him and wonder whom he had come to see. Mrs. Walters' friends all took it for granted that she would marry him."

Rogers's House Hunting Trip.

"I remember they went house hunting once up near Spuyten Duyvil. They looked at a real house—not a flat—which he talked of buying. I remember this because when she came back she told me the story of Spuyten Duyvil, which I had never heard before. She always knew interesting things like that, for she was very well read. Her standards in literature were high, as they are in everything else. She used to like to go to the New Theatre and to good lectures with Mr. Rogers."

"If he only had married her! Everything would have been all right. They were made for each other, and she was made to be a mother. I suppose she was so mad about him she didn't care even if he didn't marry her. She was a very affectionate—almost said to—

Widow, 75, Dies by Poison.

A bottle of creosote was the hand of Mrs. Amanda Wasserman, a widow, seventy-five years old, when she was found unconscious yesterday afternoon by her grandson in the home of her brother, 261 East 60th St. She died before the arrival of a physician.

Wife Refused Squier Aid.

"On seeing them," Mrs. Jubbler testified, "Mrs. Squier informed me that her husband had been taken at Liverpool for debt. Mr. Leslie said the debt was \$350, and would it lend it for bail. I, looking at Mrs. Squier, said, 'But cannot you get your own husband?' She said, 'No, I have nothing.'

"Then I asked Mr. Leslie if that was so, and he replied, 'No, she has nothing; I want you to lend it, and I'll guarantee it, but I shall not want the money until three days after I go to Paris.' Mrs. Squier said, 'The only money I have is Mr. Leslie's' (she produced a roll of notes from her bosom), 'and I keep it for the journey to Paris.' Mrs. Jubbler asserted she lent the money for Squier's bail. Mrs. Squier seemed to treat her husband's imprisonment as a joke.

Further testimony showed that Mrs. Squier and Mr. Leslie were anxious to avoid traveling to London, and therefore asked the sister to suggest a hotel. She recommended the Claridge, The Bronx, to end his life yesterday. He was found dead in the bathtub at his home by a brother-in-law.

The Law at London Hotel.

Mrs. Jubbler said that Mr. Leslie went to Liverpool to bail out Squier and that on the latter's arrival in London she heard loud words in Mrs. Squier's room.

"Mrs. Squier was wringing her hands and speaking to Mr. Squier about an opened letter," asserted the woman. "Mr. Leslie ordered Mr. Squier out of the room, and I heard the latter say: 'If you had let me come by way of

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